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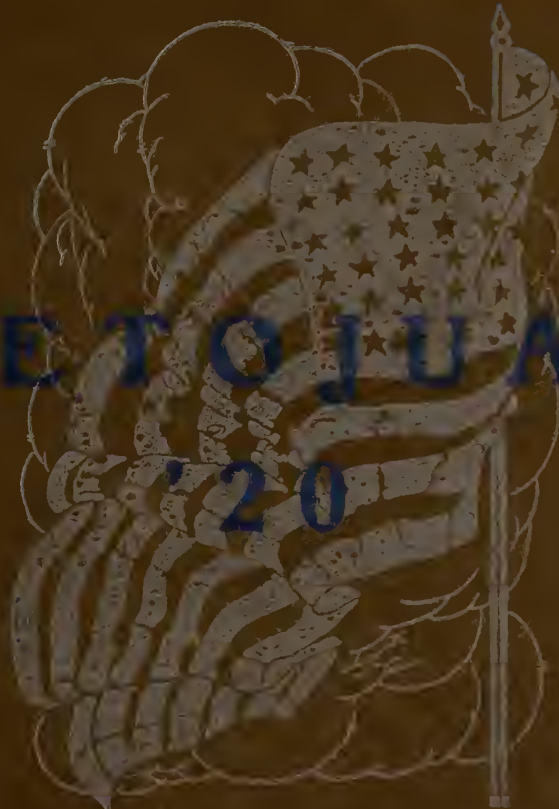
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CETOJUAN
'20



THE JUNIOR ANNUAL
—OF—
Cecil Township High School

VOLUME II.

PUBLISHED BY CLASS OF 1920.
CECIL TOWNSHIP, PA.

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CALENDAR 1918—1919.

School opens—September 9th.
School closes during Influenza Epidemic—October 22d.
School opens—December 30th.
Preliminaries for contest—March 28th.
Annual Inter-Society contest—April 4th.
Junior Banquet—May 23rd.
Baccalaureate Sermon—June 1st.
Commencement—June 6th.

DEDICATION

In recognition of the services of Cecil Township High's twenty-six boys who nobly offered their all to follow the flag, and who valiantly stood for democracy and humanity, the class of '20 gratefully dedicates this second volume of the Cetojuan.

I N M E M O R I A M

M. M. McINTOSH

May 13th, 1889.

November 18th, 1918.

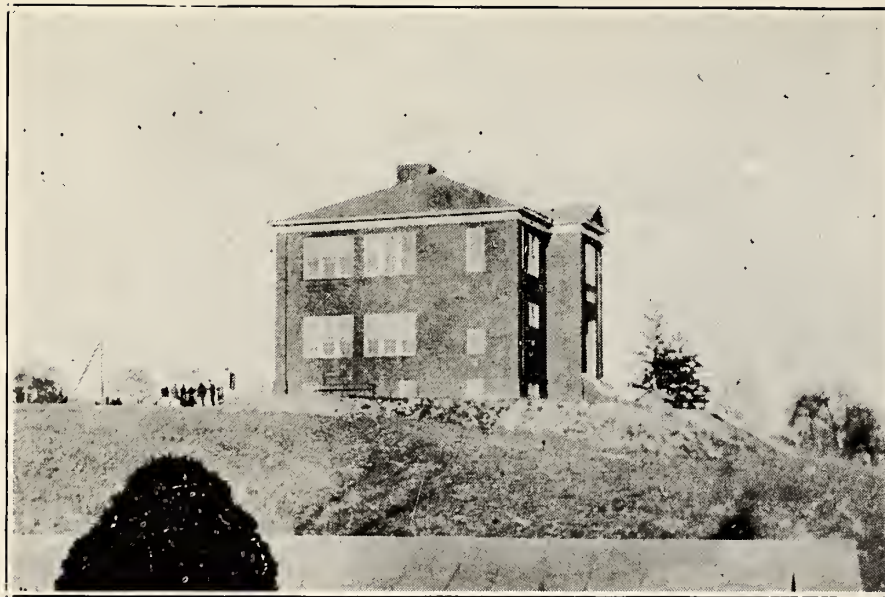
Principal of Cecil Township High School

1916—1917.

1917—1918.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

T. D. Gladden—President.....McDonald, Pa.
P. G. Walker—Secretary.....132 Greenside Ave., Canonsburg, Pa.
J. L. Cook.....McDonald, Pa., R. D. No. 3.
A. W. Hickman.....Canonsburg, Pa., R. D. No. 1.
W. L. Hutchinson.....Cecil, Pa.



—THE SCHOOL—

School Atmosphere.

Seventeen years ago Cecil Township High School was established. In recent years she has been enlarging the borders of her realm of service. It would be strange indeed, if during these many years of life and service, certain traditions had not grown up with the institution. The most marked of these, perhaps, is what may be called school atmosphere.

To undertake to define such a statement is a difficult task. However it is both beautiful and contagious. No student breathes it long without its impulses and influences being strictly felt upon his own life. Nor can he live in it for four years and be the same thereafter. It is inspiring; there is that about it which stirs within the student a desire for the larger and better things.

THE SCHOOL (Concluded)

School Spirit.

There is a distinct spirit about the school which is also marked by everyone that visits the school. It is the spirit of honesty and friendship, that which forbids littleness, meanness, and insincerity. This is shown not simply in the relation of the students one to another, but likewise in relation of Faculty and Students. The spirit of the school is the spirit of devotion to the best things. There is not a disposition here to allow the good to be the enemy of the best.

The school is peculiarly free from the clique spirit and from the disposition to fence one's self off and to separate one's self from the common crowd. The school spirit is therefore a spirit of real democracy. Each one is as good as the other if he behaves himself and does his work earnestly and honestly.

The Ideals.

The Ideals of Cecil High are varied. First of all, when one thinks of a High School he thinks of what may be termed the distinctly educational ideal. For several years the standards of the school have been

the standards required by the State Department of Instruction. The ideals of the school educationally demand of her that she keep abreast of the educational progress of the State and Nation; that she stand for the highest individuals ideals; that she measure up to the standard in the matter of an efficient leadership in her faculty, having men and women thoroughly equipped for the work which they undertake to do. The Purpose.

The real purpose of Cecil High School is the development of a virile manhood and worthy womanhood. To this end all her energies are bent in the direction every one climbs, for this purpose all members of the faculty daily strive; as a result ideas are changed; ideals are set up toward which men strive with all their might and an increasing number of splendidly equipped young men and women are going forth from the school year by year to take in higher institutions of learning their place and to do their full share in the most efficient way of the world.

THE FACULTY



MR. MOORE



MISS KENDALL



MISS McBURNEY



MISS KELSO



MISS MASQUELIER



MR. KERR

FACULTY

W. L. Moore.....Superintendent
Lincoln Avenue, McDonald, Pa.

Martha G. Kendall....Principal of High School
English and History
McConnellsburg, Pa.

Margaret S. Kelso....Mathematics and Latin
323 Third Street, McDonald, Pa.

M. Lo's McBurney.....Science and History
Canonsburg, Pa.

Mamie Masquelier.....French
McDonald, Pa.

C. H. Kerr.....Music
Fanny Street, McDonald, Pa.

THE FACULTY

Listen to me and I'll tell you
About some teachers that I knew
At Cecil Township High they stay
From early morn 'till late all-day.
Before I start to tell you this
I'll say each name begins with "Miss."
They come from all parts of the land,
To Cecil Township High most grand
To tell us all of X and Y's,
That we to fame may quickly rise;
To me they're sure a funny bunch
For when they go to eat their lunch,
They sit around a stove and talk
About the things that they have wrought
Upon their pupils, thru' the day
And think it's funny, even gay.
I've often wished that I could say
Just what I thought of them some day,
And now the time has come for this
So if by chance I lurk or miss,
Some good or evil quality
Just call me up and tell me.
Professor Moore altho not in
The faculty, has always been
A loyal worker you may guess
For our school, C. T. H. S.

For years he's worked for it alone,
And for the progress it has shown
We owe to him a debt unpaid
For his life and worthy aid.
The best and biggest of teachers all
You may surmise is Miss Kendall;
Her hair is wavy golden brown
And a smile on her face is always found.
She always has a pleasant face,
And for good looks she takes first place
Among the teachers of the school
And no exceptions to the rule.
To us she is both good and kind,
A better teacher you cannot find.
She never gets real cross in class,
Even though a note we pass;
But by her nature good and true,
Commands respect from me and you.
She teaches many studies well,
In history she likes to dwell
The best of all and I can say
In it she's very good each day.
You doubtless know she's principal,
And with knowledge nigh invincible
She fills the place extremely well;
Of a better one I could not tell.

THE FACULTY (Continued)

About Miss Kelso I'll next talk,
Who makes us on the chalk line walk,
Unlike Miss Kendall, she is tall
Altho I don't mean very small.
Outside the classroom she is gay,
But while in it she's strict alway.
It is her aim and great desire
To teach us all and thus inspire
The pupils to do better work
And not their lessons try to shirk.
In this she conquers very well
For in her class room I can tell
Almost anything that's asked
Except when she talks too fast.
Sometimes we get a little gay,
But when she turns her eyes my way
I try to sneak behind a lid
Or in some way be wholly hid,
So that she can not see my face
And bring me to a sad disgrace.
But when I have sense enough to say
I think we're better off each day
When not allowed to talk and play
And waste our precious time away.
Miss Kelso came to Cecil High
To work for us and ours. To try
To raise the standard of the school,
To that above the average rule.
To us she's been a loyal friend
And her name we'll always all defend.

Miss McBurney from "Guntown" near,
Is now our science teacher dear.
With light brown hair and two blue eyes
And fair complexion you surmise,
She quickly won the friendship of
The many students who her love.
At college, she in basket ball
Starred in a degree that was not small.

To-day she coaches every girl
Just how a basket ball to hurl;
Not only can she do this well,
But in her class room she can tell
Many things, which we've never heard
While we sit still without a word.
Sometimes we make a little noise,
Then she quietly tells we boys
To get to work and stop that fuss
Or the matter with us she'll have to discuss.
But she is so good to us all
We truly wish for her next fall.

In French Miss Masquelier
Teaches us that language dear.
I'm sure that you all know her well;
So of her merits I need not tell.
In her quiet charming way
She teaches all of us to say
Such useful things as "J'aime vous"
Which of course means "I love you."
For Miss Masquelier I'll say
There's not a one in school today
Who's not her friend most dear and true
And for her sake anything would do.

Mr. Kerr for years gone by
Has been a music teacher high.
To all of us he is known so well
That much of him I will not tell
Without his work I'm very sure
The high school could not long endure.
Only by his efforts great
Did we an orchestra create.
Of him the school is justly proud,
And long will ring the praises loud,
For the time he gave to it
And thus the school did benefit.
Of all our teachers I've tried to tell
Although it may not have been done well.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

High School Orchestra.....	Magic Fire
Boys' Quartet.....	Spring
Musical Recitation.....	The Soul of a Violin
Elizabeth McTeague	
Violin Duet.....	Whispering Hope
Double Sextette.....	Sextette from Lucia DiLammerimoor
Oration.....	The English Ideal of Liberty
Sylvan Beaumariage	
High School Orchestra.....	Home Coming
Girls' Quartette.....	Last Night
Prophecy.....	Mantle Oration
Martha Thompson	
Response.....	Samuel Hissom
Cornet Duet.....	O Belle Nuit
Oration.....	The Measure of a Man
Theodore Littell	
High School Orchestra.....	Under the Double Eagle

SENIORS



MARTHA THOMPSON

Martha is now a Senior gay
And on the violin she delights to play;
But sometimes her bow she does forget
Then she'll sit in school and fret and fret.

In every class she is a star,
Though an occasional prank may a lesson mar,
Is very original in all her work
And never a lesson does she shirk.

Some college perhaps is where she'll land
And, in events of the world will take a stand;
Convince her against her own will
She always holds her own opinion still.

Class Colors
Orange and White

Class Flower
White Carnation

Class Motto
"Veni, Vidi, Vici."



SYLVAN BEAUMARIAGE

"To preserve is one's duty;
To be silent is a good trait."

As his name implies like the nymph of old,
Sylvan loves silence, as that of the forest; but
while he perseveres most studiously at each
daily task we must confess his mind sometimes
runs into a lighter strain.

Why all day long
As we rush about
From the class room throng
And in and out,
Silence grips his very looks;
But his mind's alert
For some stray books
Left in the hall by the ladies fair,
And lo, they return
To find books nowhere.

SENIORS



ELIZABETH McTAGUE

"Her modest manner and her graceful air
Shows her as good as she is fair."

If no other Senior had any dignity Elizabeth could display enough for a whole class. She's a good worker, hard worker and never loses either patience or temper tho both are sorely tried by the pranks of the Senior men.

"Teaguey" does love a good movie and has been known to chew gum on the road to and from school.



THEODORE LITTELL

The reason that the C. T. H. S. is so particularly adapted as a weather bureau lies in the fact that it holds within its realms a young man of extreme longitude. Theodore like war time prices is extremely high and can easily detect approaching storms and other changes of weather long before they are reported by our newspaper. While we are sweating in the intense July heat, Theodore is freezing in the heights above, wearing two pairs of mittens and a fur cap.

In basket ball he never shoots, but simply drops the ball into the basket. Noise is bound up in his heart and the rod of correction will not drive if far from him, for it seems to come and come freely from a seemingly unexhaustible noisiness, tallness, smartness, dumbness, goodness, badness, and all other kind of "nesses." Theodore is a fair representative of the Senior Class of which the school might be reasonably proud.

SENIORS

Among the pupils of our school
Are four so bright and gay,
Who study hard from morn 'till night,
But sometimes like to play.

I guess I'll tell you who they are;
They're the Seniors, to us so dear;
But sometimes if they get real cross
We're really afraid; I fear.

The first in height is "Thede,"
Who is thin, but very tall.
He likes to study, tease and talk,
And sometimes likes a doll.

The next is the quiet Sylvan,
Who's as quiet as can be;
Except when he talks and teases the girls
And this you should really see.

Third in the row is "Taggy,"
Who's the quietest of the class.
She studies hard and never talks;
Like her, there is no lass.

The fourth and last is Martha,
Who is small but very wise.
A greater chemist we'll never get
Who marble, can pulverize.

This is the last of the Seniors
Who soon will be going away.
How they really hate to leave us,
Is more than I can say.

JUNIOR CLASS



Back row; left to right—Loyal Brown, Ray Hull, Thomas Smith, Samuel Hissom, William Thompson.
Front row; left to right—Naomi Schnuth, Stella Checca, Edna Shephard, Idella Patterson, Alberta Powers.

Class Colors
Cherry and Black

Class Flower
Red Rose

Class Motto
"They conquer who think they can."

JUNIOR CLASS

LOYAL BROWN

Let the world ask
O, what's in a name?
You'll all agree
As we all see
Loyal now means fame.

"Brownie's" name suits O. K. We have found him a loyal supporter of illustrious '20. There are many things this youthful Junior can do. Aside from orating for the Philos and corneting for the orchestra he's always willing to take charge of his room during a teacher's absense and can convert order with chaos in an incredible short time. The teachers fail to appreciate this acquirement and have hinted to "Brownie" several times that he change his tactics.

We must say, however that he is a "Grace"-ful conscientious worker who daily grows more attached to his books; a good athlete, manager of the team and any old day would walk ten miles for a good game.

RAY HULL

"But he has a large heart so he has."

We need say little of Ray—he always speaks for himself; in fact when the time comes when Ray can't speak for himself his career will be about ended. Ray often says he won't when he means he will and knows that we know he will. To Ray has been accorded one distinction never granted to any other individual; president of the Junior class. He has performed this so well we have never desired another. He is always ready to do a kindness in any way he can, from carrying us anywhere in the bus to carrying a lady's powder puff which he happens to find. Just hurry, flurry, skurry—then he's gone.

THOMAS SMITH

"They say 'Tom' is a "heart-smasher."

Altho this may not be true,
Yet he approaches each pretty lass
With a welcome, "O, how I love you."
Of fun he's an ardent promoter
And can keep a whole room astir,
But when a teacher calmly advances
He looks up so kindly at her—
That she doubts in her heart,
Tho she has seen all the fun;
That this innocent youth
Can really be the guilty one.
And then he is an athlete
Of unusual renown;
And when he's determined on a goal
Thru the basket the ball comes down.
He also greatly loves his books
Of which there is no end;
Just keep things going smoothly
And on "Smitty" you can depend.

SAMUEL HISSOM

One member of the Junior Class we've had
Ranking first from his freshman year;
Who studies hard and is a quiet lad
And who is always ready to give a cheer.

Some argue he is the most handsome boy
While others say he is not;
And in Prepared Discussion, O! joy,
He always just says what he ought.

He's a very good fellow in athletics
And stands very high in the teams,
But when it comes to getting Physics
He's right there with the goods it seems

When he graduates and to college goes
Then C. T. H. S. will lose Sam Hissom.
He has many friends and very few foes,
And in all lines of work we'll surely miss him.

JUNIOR CLASS

WILLIAM THOMPSON

William; born tired and never lost his birth-right, is never on time for school. but when he is it always storms. Ever since his Freshman year he has always been known to oppose everything in Parliamentary drill. He really has been the one in whom the success of the Parliamentary Drill lies. He is a fine worker and is always ready with some sort of an answer whether sensible or not. Questions are never lacking. He is very good in drawing pictures and especially cartoons, thus receiving the office of cartoonist for the Cetojuan. He is always teasing some one, pulling the girls' hair or making a noise of some kind. We all well know,
"When William won't he surely won't,
For William must do what others don't;
But when he will you all well know,
What William does will surely go."

NAOMI SCHNUTH

"Whose temper is generous, open, sincere,
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear."
This tiny little Junior who is so quiet and unobtrusive we often forget she is around, changes all her tactics and makes things hum when it comes to soliciting Cetojuan subscriptions, not even doors, windows, barbed wire, creeks, frowns and refusals impede her progress. Naomi's musical talent has been added to the orchestra this year; she also sings nicely, studies hard, advocates promptness, neatness, and frankness. so we predict for her a bright, and happy future in a busy world.

STELLA CHECCA

Stella, who is the most studious of the Junior class, who never worries over anything, but lets it slip past. She's very quiet in all her ways only when she laughs and then everyone knows she is around. It is plain to be seen that she likes to read because, when you can't find Stella she is reading a book. In French class she excels all others save one, a senior; but we do not know how she does it for she never opens her book until recitation period.

EDNA SHEPHARD

She's the fairest of the rural maids
That ever hailed from Brush Run glades,
Whether it rains or yet has snowed
C. T. H. S. is her daily abode.

Edna means fun as everyone knows
In for every single sport that goes.
She herself is a sport right through
For in even the tiniest things she's true.

This truth is a thing we all admire
And praise those who such talents acquire;
So here's to Edna, our editor-in-chief
We trust she may never come to grief.

IDELLA PATTERSON

Her eyes are bright as the living stars,
As they shine on the earth below;
Her hair like the autumn—golden brown,
Which later turns to snow.

Her smiling charms; her voice so sweet
She is faithful, kind and true,
And if a secret's given her to keep
It's never revealed for her word is true.

She's very quiet in time of school
Except when the teacher's don't look;
Then she pulls Naomi's sweater and hair,
Or quickly hides Sam's book.

ALBERTA POWERS

"Bert" takes great interest in her school work. She, like all the other Juniors, is always ready to answer any question asked by any of the teachers or anybody else in fact. She always studies her lessons and has ranked high in class since entering High School. She is also a great girl for sports, especially basket ball. She is a helper in all things from taking an active part in a play to carrying a bottle of milk to school for "Brownie." We have never known her to be a slacker in anything; but when she gets to giggling no one can stop her; not even the Faculty. So if you want a thing well done. and quickly done give it to Alberta.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Juniors were all once "Freshies" gay,
Of the greenless kind that are so rare;
But how we did delight to play,
In time of school, but still that was fair.

We always had our lessons well,
And our conduct too was simply fine;
But once in a while a member fell
On the ice, or somewhere and dropped out of line.

We always have been the largest class
Since we entered Cecil Township High
And majority rules over lad and lass,
If in a decision it was voted a tie.

The teachers so loved every one of us
That what ever we'd say would go;
Then the three other classes had a fuss
And said, they didn't have any show.

Of this wonderful class I must give the names
Of each member who is loyal and true;
Tell of their pranks in school and their aims
While in our High School, they never get blue.

First, I will mention Stella, who is small.
She is very studious and likes to read a book;
As for poetry she can write about one and all
And likes to gather Botany flowers by the brook;

Then Naomi comes stepping right up-to-date
When it's getting subscriptions or talking in the hall;
But "That Algebra," I know she really does hate;
And says, "The wiser you are the harder the fall."

There is yet one other lively lass
Whom we always term Edna, by name;
She's the liveliest girl in the Junior class
And always hopes to be the same.

E. I. S.

Well, Loyal the Brown boy, likes to get checks,
He is always teasing girls such as "Tute" and "Specks"
While in Physics he'd talk and in History he'd play;
And plays baseball to while away the day.

Alberta's a fine young sport and a worker.
She plays, studies and is pleasant to all;
As yet we've never found her a shirker,
But is our star player in Girls' Basket Ball.

There's Ray, a funny sort of a happy lad,
Who is always joking and talking in school;
If asked the time he says, "That's just what I had."
And away he'd go to his Ford with a tool.

One of our boys is a basket ball star.
He is great for athletics, but studies hard too;
Excels others in keeping the teachers going, by far,
But as Tom says, "One year yet and then I'll be through."

Idella is fair, and nice and tall,
With pretty brown hair which is in a mass
About her head, and blue eyes and all.
Some one thinks her the most beautiful looking lass.

One staunch young man in our class
Has real brown eyes and curly black hair;
He is so fond of work and books
That life for Sam will be quite fair.

There's still one boy we call "Bill"
Who's seldom on time—but often late.
Before he comes it's dreadfully still
For talking seems to be "Bill's" fate.

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Left to right—Mary Walker, Jules Beaumariage, Mary Wallace, John Bolte, Katherine Richert, Leon Clayton, Ethel Scott, David Thompson.

Class Colors
Blue and Gold

Class Flower
Iris

Class Motto
"United we stand, Divided we fall."

SOPHOMORE CLASS

MARY WALKER

"Goods goods is done up in small packages."

Mary is a member of that illustrious class which Dave calls "Suphymore." She is so tiny the others often crowd her from view, but when it comes to basket ball she's seen for she's everywhere. In studies Mary excels many; she never asks foolish questions as do some of the gentlemen of her class, but recites in a brief, concise way, giving just the desired information; and this can be given on divers subjects for she is one of our lasses who hails from the country and has become well informed on natural phenomenon.

MARY WALLACE

Mary, Mary, not quite so contrary
How does your knowledge grow,
With "doc" to admire in the grandest attire
You sure ought to make things go.

Mary has been bothered with heart trouble of late, but is under the strict care of the doctor and bids fair to recover. She is a member of the high school orchestra; takes an active part in all the activities of school life, and has a charming personality which quickly wins the favor of all with whom she comes in contact.

JOHN BOLTE

He studies hard from morn 'till night
And shows he's not a fool;
And when it comes to History class
The rest all look real cool.

He talks and talks a whole book through
'Till the periods must be lengthened,
And those around just realize
Their minds are being strengthened.

He very little mischief knows,
To all he is kind and true;
What ever you ask he willingly does
And proves what he can do.

JULES BEAUMARIAGE

Jules is a Sophomore, but worse than the rest. He is wise and full of "pep" and always up to some trick; then has the fun of standing back and seeing some one else punished for it. He has many arguments about Algebra and generally thinks he is in the right. This will do him good for it is the asking of questions that teaches boys things. He will soon be a Junior and a wise one too. When he is studying American Literature I bet he will say, "I am going to be a poet, for all these men have bad habits too."

CATHERINE RICHERT

Catherine started as a Freshman in High School
And with her we're not allowed to fool.
She has had her lessons every day
And can say all her A B C's 'cept the letter J.

But now she is a "Suph,—Suphymore,"
And talks of quitting school o'er and o'er;
But we hope she banishes that thought and will stay
To see the bright dawn of her Commencement Day.

LEON CLAYTON

To soar, Sir! To soar, Sir!

"Pap" has been with us two years and he's always with us—never misses a day, and the puzzling thing about his being here is that he's first here to every class; but this is just the way of "Me Too."

"Variety is the spice of life," and Clayton is our variety; he never carries the same expression two seconds at a time; neither does he carry his trombone practice days, but must go home for it last period. Without the least bit of effort he can entertain a whole room by just going about his usual work.

However, we're mighty proud of Clayton; he's a good fellow, a hard worker, splendid athlete, always to be relied upon and considering his wonderful genius as an impersonator we predict for him a brilliant future on the platform.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

ETHEL SCOTT

When we think of Ethel we think of one who is always alive, industrious and full of fun. She abounds with surplus energy; giggles at every turn of her head; has a smile for all whom she meets and like most women, always has something to say. She takes great pleasure in studying Bible men, such as "David" and "Samuel;" and has a special liking to anything "Brown."

Her yellow curly hair, blue eyes and fair complexion cause many an admiring eye to be cast in her direction.

DAVID THOMPSON

David as every one knows is the most mischievous boy in school. He likes to tease the teachers and all his class mates too. David always did like to make a noise and is always known by his walk downstairs. He is great on playing tricks and can look so innocent. Among David's good traits—this we must admit—he always wears a smile. From his autobiography we quote the following:

"In the Fall of 1917 I entered C. T. H. S. and was soon shoved in public life. Right at first I was admired for neatness in writing. Immediately I got to work, stayed up late at nights, worked and crammed, yet it pleased the faculty (what else is there to school life anyway) and so I have kept up through the entire two years."

THE SOPHOMORES

A Sophomore class, in number eight
Attend C. T. H. S.

They're always there, but sometimes late,
Tho this, we hate to confess.

There are four girls, there are four boys;
All happy, bright, and gay;
Some day they'll be of great renown
As those who know them say.

Mary Ethel Scott has curly hair,
Of a somewhat yellow hue;
She's tall and slim and nicknamed "Specks;"
Her eyes are a grayish blue.

A cheerful blond with a sunny smile
Is Catherine Richert, gay;
She's always in for lots of fun
And is singing all the day.

Mary Walker is the smallest one
In all the Sophomore class;
Brown hair, blue eyes, and very small,
Surely a winsome lass.

And yet one more in all she does
Is very sure to win;
'Tis Mary Wallace, whom we know
Excels with her violin.

A comic boy, with very light hair,
Five feet, nine, that is his height;
Surely that is David Thompson
A Sophomore young and bright.

Leon Clayton excels in "decs,"
He spoke at the contest too;
He's five feet, eight, and wears his hair
Straight back, and his eyes are blue.

Brown hair, gray eyes, with spectacles;
That's Bolte our debator;
He started to school just one week late,
We're glad he was no later.

Jules Beaumariage gives great orations;
He can give one any time;
He has brown hair and hazel eyes,
And in study he does shine.

The Sophomores work so very hard
They work while they work, you know;
But if Miss Kendall says, "go for flowers,"
They're always ready to go.

Dave and Jules always ask questions
That have no meaning at all.
John and Leon are not so noisy,
But oh, how they can play ball!

The girls all play basket ball,
And sometimes they ride a "bike;"
But they'd rather go for flowers
For they certainly love a hike.

And last, but not least of all.
(You will be surprised at this.)
An orchestra, we Sophomores have,
When WE play, the music is bliss.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Colors
Maroon and White.

Class Flower
Red and White Roses.

Class Motto
"Esse quam videre."

VELMA SCOTT

"Scotty" as she is most generally called is a member of the Freshman class and also the Philo Literary Society, both of which she is a popular member. Whenever you want to find Velma just go to Miss Kelso's room and you will find her working Algebra or studying Latin. There is not the least doubt that Velma is going to be a strong supporter of C. T. H. S.

It is the hard work of Velma after school which keeps our rooms and desks so nice and clean. Immediately at 3:45 o'clock she is seen with her broom and soon begins to make the dust fly, which chases us very quickly.



Back row; left to right—Velma Scott, Margaret Powell, Hazel Shephard, Alphonsine DeBlander, Grace Allan.
Front row—Lamar Delaney, Mark Kelso, Harry McEwen, Joseph Chupinsky.

MARGARET POWELL

Margaret a "Freshie" of 1918-1919 escaped from having the "flu." and proceeded to quit school. She decided to work her way up in a department store and influence her customers with her voice so soft and low. This business got old and the bank roll small. The boys got wise and said: "We want you to come back, Miss." And so she did. Now she can pat herself on the back for she is safe from those "bargain counter raids." Margaret has been a beautiful writer since her childhood days and now in the Freshman class she can not be excelled. As for the character of her work we've never heard anyone make a fuss, but she is well known for her beautiful poetic productions.

FRESHMAN CLASS

LAMAR DELANEY

"And the little old Ford, it rambled right along."

Lamar was a few days late in starting to school, but has made up for it since. He holds the championship for drawing in his class and was also elected by a great majority as cheer leader for the school of which he is the best yet of those who have held that position.

He has often been seen spinning along the road with his Ford filled with girls. It was rumored once that he was thought to have started a bus line between C. T. H. S. and———

He has not been known to take much interest in athletics but makes a fine "army instructor" for the girls when it is too cold to take up school at 9 o'clock.

HARRY McEWEN

"Cal" entered high school with a spirit which has been growing every day and which is hard to kill. He is a staunch supporter of the Freshman class, especially when it comes to a color fight between the Freshies and Sophs.

He started in the primary grades to be attentive to the girls, so it will be hard to decide what he will be by the time he is a Senior. The girls had quite an argument one evening which one was going to accompany "Cal" to the pie social on the 16th. He decided this himself.

JOSEPH CHUPINSKY

There is always an interesting character or two in the incoming class of the high school. Perhaps one of the most interesting characters this year is that of Joe Chupinsky. He is a lad of great interest to us all, as he is very noisy and always talking. What he does not say while studying he makes up in recitation period. When it comes down to asking questions Joe can beat all the rest of his class put together. If his fellow scholars would keep quiet Joe could have the teacher recite the whole lesson simply by asking questions.

Nevertheless he is a good scholar and takes great interest in his books. Altho he is noisy and goes by the name of "Noisy Joe" we would be at a great loss if he would drop out of school.

HAZEL SHEPHARD

One of the interesting facts about a Freshman is that they are always curious to know everything that goes on. Some of them are very quiet and hardly ever say a word to upper-classmen. It was of this nature that Hazel Shephard came into High School. When the other classes had a meeting she wanted to know all about it. Altho this is one example there are many others where Hazel has to find out things that Freshmen should not know until they are told, for once they hear something it spreads like fire among their class mates.

Hazel also has some good points which are not yet known. If you need help she is always willing to aid you and welcomes every one with a smile, both pleasant and happy, and will give some one a merry chase to take her place in class.

MARK KELSO

Mark Kelso is a fine little chap. He is one of our Freshmen as you have heard before, and thinks it hard to disobey; but wait 'till he becomes a Sophomore and starts to eye up the girls; then his Junior year comes and the case seems to be worse, but he will soon be a Senior and then will be wise and live up to the motto "Safety First."

ALPHONSINE DeBLANDER

As her name is great and one of old it is no wonder Alphonsine uses such large words in English. We sometimes are inclined to think she has devoured a dictionary. She is never still and has a smile and a joke for every one she meets, so we have come to the conclusion that she is a joke herself.

GRACE ALLAN

Small, little, short, diminutive, brief, young, concise, quick, alert. "Tute" was among the lively, loyal little Freshmen who entered school in 1918 and is found to be a lovable, "Brown" eyed child, and a willing and enthusiastic worker. She is a member of the Whittier Literary Society of which she is greatly honored. Many weary noon hours are spent by the music furnished by Grace and her companions.

She is a very good basket ball player and has the honor of being the best foul shooter. She is very fond of teasing the boys and very quick in getting away in such a way that she is never caught.

THE FRESHMEN

Not long ago the Seniors
In their monthly paper
Told about the Freshies green
Of every laugh and caper.

The Sophs they too told about
The Freshies young and raw,
The good that's in those little kids
I'll bet you never saw.

We, the Juniors bright and gay
Will take our turn to knock
On every Freshman in the school
From baby Grace to Dock.

For all of them we truly say
They're wild as geese in flight,
To put them up in public show
They sure would make a sight.

Among the Freshies you will find
A little boy named Joe.
He has a very smily face
With hair as white as snow.

Some day they'll pipe his windy gas
Into this very town
And then around the fires we'll sit
With heat we'll sure abound.

Lamar Delaney you all know
Is very full of fun,
He plays base ball and other games
And for the goals he'll run.

He has a special liking
A certain Sophomore
And hopes to doctor pigs and cats
And kill them all galore.

Next upon the list we have
A certain nut named 'Cal'
He plays around the girls you know
Until they think he's a pal.

No doubt some day, just wait and see
A carpenter, he'll be;
He'll use his tools of many kinds
And wonderous buildings see.

Last among the boys you know
Is quiet, naughty Mark,
He never takes the girls at all,
But at his word, they'll hark.

We're almost sure his end will be
A farmer big and strong;
He'll raise his many fields of corn
With ears near two feet long.

THE FRESHMEN

Now that the boys are dead and gone
We'll give the girls a hit;
And if they shed a single tear
We'll put them in a pit.

So we'll take them by their size;
Of course Margaret is first,
But we can not tell all we know
Or for our blood she'd thirst.

She is a very nice big girl
Her face I like to see,
Some day in Venice she will live;
A black "Smith" she will be.

I think the next we have in line
Is Scott (not "Specks" of course)
But Velma, who our rooms does sweep
So clean without remorse.

Like Mother Goose Rhymes she will be
A sweeper of the moon;
She'll sail up high to sweep cob-webs
A riding on a broom.

Since the Freshmen are so young
A "Shephard" dog they got,
It runs so fast among us all
That it cannot be caught.

We're going to ship it clear out West
To herd the cows and sheep;
It'll run about and eat old bones
And never even sleep.

We have in our C. T. H. S.
A place for naughty people;
I think you'll find Alphonsine there,
High up upon a steeple.

She always was so bad in school,
But doubtless she will see
Her great mistake and finally
A good school teacher be.

Last but not least comes baby Grace,
Who brings to school each day
A bottle full of milk because
"All babies like to play."

For years she's been a baby
And long we know she'll stay,
Long after she's a Junior
With baby dolls she'll play.

Each Freshie we have told you of
Just what we think they'll be;
But whether we are right in this
You'll have to wait and see.

HONOR ROLL

Charles Smith

Walter Cain

Clyde Boak

Walter Boyer

Quintin McClay

Lee White

John Wagner

Frank Pireaux

William McEwen

David Mullin

Merle Morrison

Archibald Scott

Frank McConnell

Earl McClure

Willard Conner

Dwight Conner

Paul Patterson

Elmer Lutz

Wilmer Herron

Arthur Franz

John Mullin

Alexander Columbus

James Fife

William Simpson

Thomas McConnell

Wallace Kelso

OUR BIT

As we all work in harmony
From early morn 'till night,
We slowly lift our weary eyes
To behold our banner bright.

A sacred field of snowy white
Kissed by stars of blue,
Enclosed within a crimson frame,
Tells of our boys true.

Each star is a boy faithful and brave
That once in the days gone by
Cheerily wended his daily way
To Cecil Township High.

We gaze with pride at each tiny star,
But a story we know is told
When the twenty-sixth we see from
afar
As a tiny speck of gold.

This tells the same sad story
Of a young life willingly given,
Of another name added to death's roll
And another name listed in heaven.

Twenty-six stars for as many boys
Who fought for the Red, White and
Blue.
In camp on sea and foreign soil
They proved themselves loyal and true.

We never shall forget them
Tho years shall pass away;
Our banner still reminds us
Of our boys both bright and gay.

And as the years roll swiftly by,
And each from the past a hero picks,
Cecil Township High will proudly say
"We sent to the ranks, our twenty-six."
S. M. G. C. '20.

WHY NOT?

When our boys who canned the Kaiser,
Or who stayed in camp or ship
Come back home arrayed with honor,
Let's bid them welcome from their trip.

When Old Glory passes by you,
Bare your head, salute your flag.
You have to thank these boys
That it's not a German rag.

Cheer until your lungs are bursting,
Rock the buildings, shout and sing.
Show the boys they own the city
And can have most every thing.

Fill them up with pies and good things,
Give them freely of our means.
Turkey, goose, and young spring
chicken,
Put the lid on army beans.

They will smoke like traction engines
'Till it's like a London fog,
Stuff them full of fun and pleasure
'Till they're tired as a dog.

Cart them home on rubber tires;
Let them sleep at least a week;
Put a muffler on the door bell;
Throw alarm clocks in the creek.

Then, when each and every fellow
Once again is clean and sane,
Pay him for the loss in wages;
Give him back his job again.
A. M. P. '20.

P E A C E

Blow the whistles, ring the bells,
Joy, O Joy, the wild din tells.
Foes are silenced, guns are dumb;
Ring the bells for peace has come.

Blow the horns and shout for joy
Gladness? Ah yes, without alloy.
Pure and stainless gladness given
By the listening God in Heaven.

Happiest tidings these, them
Angels told by Bethlehem,
Save the gladness known to those
Who first heard that Christ arose.

Truce is signed—the war will cease;
Soon will come the fuller peace.
God is listening from the skies
For the praise that shall arise.

That the boys—our loved, are saved
Where the foeman's flags had waved,
That the lands oppressed are free
For a holier life to be.

Blow the whistles, ring the bells;
Joy, O Joy, the wild din tells!
Kaiser's banished, Christ alone
Shall be King upon the throne.

E. I. S. '20.

OUR PRESIDENT

In our magestic white-house
There lives a man we say
Whose name is Woodrow Wilson
Protector of the day.

We see in him a character
Of high and noble aims.
He rules us all as one above
For justice he proclaims.

He holds within his bosom
No place for self conceit;
For selfish aims he has no place
Such evils mean defeat.

His love for fellow countrymen
And loyalty divine
Are merely inclinations
Which makes our lives sublime

Honesty inspired by virtue,
Truth upheld by right,
Flow in the veins of Wilson,
Though oft' attacked by might.

He stands among our statesmen
With unequalled reputation,
In dealing with the nations
He has our approbation.

Then haughty German hoard attacked,
And cruelly oppressed
Defenseless France; and Belgium too;
This foe must be suppressed.

No righteous cause upheld their aim
For despot world domain
But with the thought, "Might make
right,"

They tried the world to gain.

The war raged on for many months
involving many powers,
And, tho our sacred rights were broken,
Neutrality was ours.

But not until our ships were sunk
Did Wilson lift his hand
Against the German nation bold,
Nor recompense demand.

But Wilson by his efforts great
To keep us out of war;
Could not retain neutrality
So we withheld no more.

We praise him for his efforts great
To furl the flag of peace,
O'er the nations great and small
Thus harmony increase.

But into war we justly plunged
And victory have gained;
The blood of our heroic boys
The battlefields have stained.

The war is o'er and peace is near;
Our President stands high
Among the agitators for
A League of Nations nigh.

W.G. T. '20.

PROHIBITION

For many years folks have been working
In order to have our country dry,
And many men have not been shirking
So that others will not have whiskey to buy.

Many states have ratified the ammendment,
I believe thirty-eight now in all
We hope a time will soon be here for a new
 commencement
Of "bone-dry" states that will never fall.

We all well know what a plague this has been
And a ruin also to mankind;
Long, long before the invention of cotton gin
Has this deadly thing been an unfavorable find.

So now we'll hope for a greater day
When all the wet states will turn dry
No one but God, Himself must we pay
By prayer and thanksgiving to Him on High.
 E. I. S. '20.

IT REMINDS ME—

That January tenth, Lamar wore long pants.
That Stella likes "Fishing Worms."
That Ray was quiet two days out of the nine months.
That Joe was a questionnaire.
That is rained on New Year's Day.
That we had "Ten weeks vacation."
That we all didn't have the "Flu."
That Theodore didn't need "specks."
That Martha got the habit.
That Theodore likes oranges.
That Miss McBurney likes to sit by "The Glenn."
That M'ss Kendall never tasted Moonshine.
That the Double Bass arrived.
That the Sophomore boys raised mustaches in one
 forty-five minute period.
That some one took a trip to the attic.
That the candles blew out and no matches.

WHITTIER LITERARY SOCIETY

WHITTIER YELLS

Bom-a-lak-a-Bom-a-lak-a
Bow wow wow
Chick-a-lak-a-Chick-a-lak-a
Chow chow chow
Bom-a-lak-a-Bom-a-lak-a
Who are we?
WHITTIER. WHITTIER.
Can't you see?

Mihic-mihi-miho
Rickety-rackety-row
Habble-gobble-rickeracker
Hobble-gobble-firecracker
Hobble-gobble-razoo
John blow your razoo.
Sis-bom-bah
WHITTIER! WHITTIER!
Rah! Rah! Rah!



Back row; left to right—Ethel Scott, Alberta Powers, Harry McEwen, Naomi Schnuth, Mary Walker, Joseph Chupinsky, Grace Allan, Ray Hull, Margaret Powell, Alphonsine DeBlander.

Front row; left to right—Sylvan Beaumariage, Thomas Smith, Martha Thompson, Edna Shephard, David Thompson, John Bolte.

(Front Row All Contestants in Contest.)

Rockety-I-Ki-Yi
Rockety-I-Ki-Yi
WHITTIER! WHITTIER!
Ki—Yi—Yi.

PHILO LITERARY SOCIETY

PHILO YELLS

Boom-gig-a-boom!
Boom-gig-a-boom!
Boom-gig-a-rig-a-gig-a-
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Rip! Rah! Ree!
Rip! Rah! Ree!
P-h-i-l-o—Hor-ee!

U! U! Rah! Rah!
U! U! Rah! Rah!
Who Rah! Who Rah!
Philo—Rah! Rah!

Gold and White!
Gold and White!
Emblem of our strength and might.
Will it conquer? Well I guess!
P-H-I-L-O-E-S
Philo, Philo, Zip! Zam! Zaw!
Philo, Philo, Rah! Rah! Rah!



Back row; left to right—Jules Beaumariage, Mary Wallace, Hazel Shephard, Katherine Richert, Idella Patterson, Velma Scott, Elizabeth McTague, Stella Checca, Mark Kelso.

Front row; left to right—Lamar Delaney, Samuel Hisom, Theodore Littell, William Thompson, Loyal Brown, Leon Clayton.

(Front Row All Contestants in Contest.)

P R O G R A M M E

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST OF CECIL TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

Music Orchestra

PREPARED DISCUSSIONS

- ‡ § 1. The Last Call Martha Thompson
 * 2. The Americans and the Allies at the Peace Table . . . Lamar Delaney

DEBATE

“Resolved. That the United States Should Close Her Gates
 Against Foreign Immigration For a Period of Three Years.”

§ Affirmative	‡ * Negative
John Bolte	Theodore Littell
David Thompson	Samuel Hissom

Piano Solo Jules Beaumariage

ORATIONS

- * 1. The President's War Message (Woodrow Wilson) Loyal Brown
 ‡ § 2. (Italy's Reply), America, A Beacon Light of Peace
 Gabriele D'Annunzio Thomas Smith
 Music Orchestra

ESSAYS

- § 1. The Labor Situation Sylvan Beaumariage
 ‡ * 2. The World in Reconstruction William Thompson

DECLARATIONS

- ‡ * 1. The Debatin' Society Leon Clayton
 § 2. The Second Trial Edna Shephard
 Music Girls Quartette
 Music Orchestra

DECISION OF JUDGES

Rules for Judging:—

In prepared discussions and essays 10 percent for delivery and 10 percent for composition.

In declamations and orations 20 percent for delivery.

Debate:—

5 percent for organization, 10 percent for argument; 5 percent for delivery.

§ Whittier. ‡ Winning Contestant * Philo

ATHLETICS.



W. G. T.

BASKET BALL

Basket Ball 1918—1919.

This year's Basket Ball team can well be called the first and fastest team that ever represented C. T. H. S. in the floor game. Although we only played five games the season can be called a very successful one, winning three of the five games we played.

We were not fortunate enough to have a coach, nor a large enough floor to practice on or perhaps we would have ended the season winning five out of five. The games lost were with teams representing much larger high schools than our own, such as Canonsburg and McDonald.

There were games played between the classes and Literary societies which stirred up much interest and brought out plenty of class spirit.



Left to right—Thomas Smith, Ray Hull, Samuel Hissom, Theodore Littell, Leon Clayton, William Thompson, Loyal Brown.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

The Junior and Philo teams were in the lead at the end of the season.

C. T. H. S.—28	Montour Mine No. 2—7
C. T. H. S.—24	McDonald—19
C. T. H. S.—16	McDonald—24
C. T. H. S.—22	Hickory—4
C. T. H. S.—18	Canonsburg—38

Inter-Class and Society Games

Juniors—24	School—10
Juniors—17	School—9
Juniors—18	School—12
Whittiers—18	Philos—8
Whittiers—10	Philos—15
Whittiers—6	Philos—12

PERSONNEL

Manager.....Loyal Brown	Captain.....Thomas Smith
Thomas Smith.....	Forward
Loyal Brown.....	Forward
Leon Clayton.....	Forward
Ray Hull.....	Guard
Samuel Hissom.....	Guard
William Thompson.....	Guard
Theodore Littell.....	Center

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Girls' Basket Ball 1918—1919.

This is the first year that the girls of C. T. H. S. have taken any interest in Basket Ball. Although they did not play any games, in their practice games one could easily see that we have some fine material to pick from.

The girls are prepared for the season of 1919-1920, having purchased themselves the required material.

In the players, Grace Allan, Alberta Powers, Mary Walker, Idella Patterson, Alphonsine DeBlander, Margaret Powell, Catherine Richert under the coaching of Miss McBurney we will no doubt build up a strong team for the coming season.

The girls also with the help of the school board are planning on building a tennis court at C. T. H. S.



Back row; left to right—Mary Wallace, Margaret Powell (coach), Lois McBurney, Katherine Richert, Ethel Scott.

Front row; left to right—Martha Thompson, Alphonsine DeBlander, Alberta Powers, Idella Patterson, Grace Allan, Mary Walker.

BASE BALL



Back row; left to right—Loyal Brown, John Bolte, Thomas Smith, William Thompson, Leon Clayton, Lamar Delaney, Sylvan Beaumariage, Theodore Littell.
Front row; left to right—Samuel Hissom, Ray Hull.

The boys have entered the base ball season this year with full force and lots of vim. They have been planning for quite a while the management of their team. With the opening of the season found the boys very well equipped both with new suits and gloves, balls and bats, and such material. They played their first game on April 22, 1919 with the Greasers and to the great joy and delight

of all; won. They had planned to play several games since, but owing to bad weather were postponed.

They have succeeded in skinning the diamond now and taking everything into consideration the season is sure to prove a successful one for C. T. H. S.

T. C. S. '20.

Y E L L S

Hobble, Gobble, Razzle, Dazzle,
Sis. Bom, Bah
Cecil Township High School.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

T—E———A—M
T—E———A—M
T—E———A—M
Team! Team! Team!

Bom, Rah! High School.
Bom, Rah! High School.
Bom, Rah! High School.
Rah!

Rickety, Rickety, Russ
The matter we'll not discuss,
But never the less we must confess
There's nothing the matter with us.

C. T. H. S. Rah! C. T. H. S. Rah! Rah!
Who Rah! Who Rah! C. T. H. S.
Rah! Rah!

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax.
Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax.
Give 'em the ax. Give 'em the ax.
Give 'em the ax—Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck. Right in the neck.
Right in the neck—There!

Hear us roar. Hear us roar.
Watch us score. Watch us score.
C. T. H. S.—Rah!

TRIP TO HICKORY

After the boys lost a game to McDonald on January 17, 1919 they went to work and practiced real hard until March 1, when with a large crowd of boys and girls they boarded the 7:01 train at Gwendolen and went west to Hickory with hopes of beating the Athletic Club of that city, which was fulfilled before the game was over. The boys were encouraged by the yells and cheers which came from their crowd of which "Doc" was cheerleader. After an overwhelming victory we mounted the wagon which was waiting to take us home. A team of long eared mules were hitched to this small con-

F U D G E

I'm sure you will like to make this candy,
Because everyone says it sure is dandy.
When company comes and they think they'll eat,
You can use this candy a sort of treat.

To make this candy you must take
A nice size cup so as not to fake.
You fill it full of sugar nice,
And do this act not more than twice.

And after that you take some milk,
But be sure you see it's fine as silk.
Then put in some chocolate or cocoa, I guess
And add some butter to make a success.

Then stir altogether and put on the fire,
But look around for some one to hire.
Then after the candy seems to be done,
Take it off and then have your fun.

Of stirring and beating and stirring again,
For a number of minutes, not less than ten.
Then add some flavoring to suit your taste,
And then in the pan put it in haste.

Then eat and eat 'till you are tired of fudge,
And sit and sit, 'till you can not budge,
And if you have followed directions given
I'm sure when it's eaten every one will be livin'.
H. M. S. '22.

B U T T E R S C O T C H

Take a cup and fill it twice
With sugar brown so sweet and nice,
A piece of butter you will cut;
Just the size of a good walnut.
Put water enough to cover it,
Then put it on a fire that's lit.
Stir it and stir it and stir it some more,
And then you'll have Butter Scotch galore.
G. H. A. '22.

traption into which we were crowded until we envied sardines. The ride was fairly good on the improved roads; "but O, my, when we hit the mud!" The mules balked, the wagon stuck, the driver—and the crowd had to get off and walk a distance of about three miles in mud, through woods, over fences, across creeks and runs, up hills and down hills, until after two hours walking we reached our home town at the early hour of 12:30 sore and tired, but happy that we had won such a victory over Hickory as 22 to 4 in favor of C. T. H. S. A. M. P. '20.

A T R A M P

A tramp appeared at our door. He wore a dusty, torn, creased hat and a buttonless, brown coat with a lining torn into tatters. He carried a sack that was almost in rags, and which was baggy. He used it to carry pieces of split wood or anything that was given him. Twine or any shiny trinket he found he would stick in his coat pocket which was old and shaggy. He looked as slouchy as he could be. His face was dirty and he had a long beard. Everything about him was shapeless. We gave him something to eat and sent him away.

A. D. '22 (In her use of adjectives.)

MISCHIEVOUS DAVE

Dave Thompson comes to school
And most days he is late;
But what's the difference? When he comes,
He acts like a crobete.

He is the worst boy in the school,
As teachers all agree.
He gets in mischief all the day.
From ten 'till half-past tree.

One day he got a box of dirt
And to every lad and lass,
He put the sign where it could be seen
"Will you please keep off the grass?"

And he shakes hands in time of school
With Jules across the isle.
Sometimes it makes the teachers laugh,
But Kelly won't always smile.

Now these are just some little things
He does. Want to see some more?
Then come around on Orchestra night
From three-thirty 'till half-past four.

M. J. W. '21.

THE RESCUE

A twenty story sky scraper was being erected in the city. The masons were now working on the chimney. It had been several days since they had started to construct the chimney and the last day proved to be very windy making the workmen who were on the high places feel rather uneasy.

Some of them had noticed that one side of the scaffold had been a little weak, and this day it proved itself to be even more so, nothing was said however about the thing. It had now come quilting time and the workmen were beginning to leave. But the brick layer just had a few more bricks to lay so he thought he would do so. He worked for fifteen minutes or more and was just laying the last brick when all at once he heard a crash. He looked around and found the weak scaffold had fallen to the ground. He was in for it now; two hundred feet from the ground and no one around. None of his fellow workmen knew that he had stayed there and to make things worse he was supperless. It was now becoming dark and it seemed as if he would have to stay all night. But all this time his brain was not idle. He had been thinking of some way to let the people know that he was up there. He thought of letting his coat drop to the ground, but no one would likely see it and then he would be cold. He was thinking hard when the electric lights were turned on. There had been a few lights on the new building and this gave him an idea. He knew the Morris code very well so he signaled for help with the lamp by turning it off then on. He did this for quite a while when some one yelled up from below for him to wait a while. They got extension ladders and he was soon off the building. The station agent had seen his signals and had told some men. It was well he got off as soon as he did because he was stiff from cold and very hungry.

D. E. T. '21.

A RAMBLE

One afternoon we visited a cave out of which a little stream wound its way. It was much to our discomfort in crawling through the doorway. But once inside, however we were able to walk upright. Sam led, a lighted candle in his hand; George and I followed close after. I didn't like the gloom and the dampness and secretly wished that Sam would propose to turn back. All at once I heard a queer noise ahead, like a rustle. It seemed to be close to the roof and to be coming nearer. Sam stopped and turned around to see where we were. "What is that he cried." "I am sure I don't know." Said George. "Perhaps it may be a bear, or a lion." I said.

While we were standing there, tumbling from limb to limb we heard it again; louder this time than before. Let us go and see what it is." Said Sam. "No indeed, not I, you can go if you wish to, but the outside for me." "Ah! come on, be a sport," said George. "I am going." "That makes no difference whatever, I am going back." "Well go, you little coward," they said.

"I certainly am" and walked outside to wait until the other two came out. After I had gone outside, Sam said, "I wonder if there be such a thing as a bear or lion in here." "Well, I am sure I don't know" was the reply. "Well, I guess I am just as big a coward as any one so I think I'll take a walk outside, I feel kind of nervous in here." "Well if you go I will to, for I have the same feeling."

So the two boys walked quickly outside and approached me, and said, "We want to beg your pardon for calling you a coward, for we find that we are in the same boat with you."

M. W. '21.

AN OLD DESERTED MILL

It was a warm day in July when Mr. Brown and his family were going to spend the day in the woods near Salem, a city in Massachusetts, well known in history for the prosecution of the witches.

The family was up earlier than usual that morning; the children all eager for the trip which was about two miles. It was nigh eight o'clock when they started on their way after having securely fastened the doors and windows; because as little Johnny said, "the ghosts might get in." The children were the leaders of the party while Mr. and Mrs. Brown, bending under the weight of their heavy baskets, came in the rear. The road which they chose led along the side of the meandering bed of the Charles River.

They had gone about half their distance when they came to an old deserted mill which had been deserted for a long time. The children thought it would be great fun to play near it, so they would go no farther; but after their father's persuasion they proceeded on their way. At last their journey ended and they all sat down on the green grass to take a rest.

When they had rested about five minutes the children began to roam about while Mr. Brown was sound asleep and Mrs. Brown was preparing dinner. A white table-cloth was spread on the grass and the dinner was made ready, to which each one helped himself. After dinner, Mrs. Brown cleared the cloth and set everything carefully away.

After getting permission from their mother, the three little Brown's started on their way to what they called "the best flower patch," to gather flowers. On and on they went, the oldest whose

name was James always in the lead. "Follow me," he would say. "I know the best place." "All right," was the answer, "we're comin'." They were getting farther and farther from their parents, and flowers surely could not be found anywhere if not in the woods; but James re-assured them that they could get some if they went a little farther. They were now coming in sight of the old mill, by which flowed the shining blue waters of the Charles River. It was getting nearer and nearer and the three children were full of joy at the thought of playing so near the mill. At last their tramping ceased and play took its place.

"Let's wade in the river," said little Johnny, who knew no better. "No, Johnny," said James, "It's too deep and you might drown." Then Johnny began to cry and James persuaded him to be quiet for ghosts were hidden in the mill; so he stopped crying as soon as the word "ghosts" was mentioned. "Come on, Billy and Johnny," said James. "Now don't cry; we're goin' in t' see the old mill." James went first, Billy next, and Johnny was the last to enter the mill. They explored everything very carefully, wondering what everything was. They could not jump around very much because the floors were not very strong and might crush at any minute.

Billy and James were carefully exploring a wheel, when they remembered that they had forgotten where they had left Johnny.

"Where's Johnny?" said James to Billy. "Johnny!" exclaimed Billy in surprise. "I don't know; maybe he fell in the river." "Don't say such things, Billy," said James, growing a little angry.

THE OLD DESERTED MILL (Continued)

James called to Johnny as loud as he could, but he received no answer. They searched for him everywhere, but could not find him. It was growing dark and they would not be able to get back to their parents to-night. At last a shout came from Billy, "I've found him here he is." James found his way to the spot through the darkness and sure enough Johnny was there. He was cuddled asleep in an old barrel which was standing upright in a dark corner, which they had not searched.

Billy sat on the floor by the barrel and while James was trying to awake Johnny, he fell asleep and gradually stretched himself on the floor. Since Johnny would not wake up and Billy was asleep, James saw nothing else to do than to follow their example and soon he was sound asleep. Sometimes they would talk in their sleep and once Johnny said, "Did you say your name was Walsh?" Another time he said, "Don't hurt her. she didn't do anything."

Early in the morning James was aroused by someone's footsteps. He was not clearly awakened by the footsteps, so he shouted: "Johnny, Billy, here's a ghost; come on!" Then he heard his name called. He opened his eyes and there stood his father and mother smiling at him. "What, were you dreaming?" said his mother. "I was dreaming about ghosts mother." Johnny was awake now and was rubbing his eyes when he said, "Mamma you didn't see what I saw while I was sleeping." "What did you see?" asked his mother. "I saw a man and his name was—I forget. He told me but I can't remember. I believe it was something like 'Sea' and 'Wall,'

yes it was 'Wallse.'" "Wallse?" said his mother. "Yes, and he was telling a man to kill a woman and, for something that she didn't do."

"That's strange," said his mother. "Get ready now, and we will go and James, tell me how you happen to be here; we looked everywhere for you; we didn't think you would be down here."

James told his mother the story while his father was busy calling Billy. Then Mr. Brown came to Johnny and asked him what it was that he had dreamed. Johnny told him the same that he had told his mother and when he was through Mr. Brown said, "Your dream is true, Johnny. It happened many years ago. If you will all listen I will tell you the story of Johnny's dream."

They all turned their eyes toward Mr. Brown and he began: "It was in the year 1692, when this country was yet young, that there was great trouble just down the road a piece. There were many women and men, who were killed because the people thought they were witches. Once there were nine killed in one day, and the man who was Judge was Samuel Sewell. This mill was here at that time and there being no other way to mark the spot, this is used for that purpose, although not exactly the right spot. Ever since that time which is known in history as the Salem Witchcraft this mill has been haunted. This is the end of the story and what led me to this was what Johnny called Wallse." "Now, let us get ready to go; it is growing late." After preparations they began their homeward journey and Johnny wants to visit the Old Deserted Mill every summer now.

M. S. G. C. '20.

INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC

Some people used to go and see
Folk who were sick, and make them tea
Of boneset and camomile,
And fuss about the bed and smile,
And never leave 'till some one came
That they were sure would do the same.

Unless some were met at the door
And set up an emphatic roar
About it being small-pox, or
Some ailment to be watchful for
Like Influenza, that's been 'round
And many folk in bed were found.

At first when the Flu. was heard of here;
People then didn't have much fear,
But day by day the disease grew worse
That made folk call for a Red Cross nurse,
And doctors too, but they were scarce and worn;
Driving the "fliver" and blowing the horn.

So again we are back for work and for play,
Our time now is precious; we must not delay,
As the boys will take care of winning the game
That in the near future will lead them to fame.
Here all together we will make things hum,
To make up lost time, 'till our year's work is done.
E. I. S. '20.

The school was closed at C. T. H. S.
And a few of the students were unlucky, I guess
And caught the Flu. and had to rest,
And were much delighted to miss History test.
So the time they had too. while away
Wondering how long at home they must stay.

But one thing now must be said of one class
That the Flu. didn't catch, not one small lass
Of the dignified Seniors, I speak of now,
Who have been three years working the plow;
But still there is time for them to rest
By catching the Flu. to miss Cicero test.

There was one, however we must not leave out,
Who was thought not to take it, as she was stout
And just before Christmas she felt very sick,
And to her bed she was real glad to stick.
But now Miss Kendall looks well as can be,
Very happy and merry as usual you see.

THE WELCOME I WANT

Listen old pal, have you heard the great news?
I got them just hot from the wire,
You'll hardly believe it, but it's true all the same,
Or our batty, old sergeant's a liar.

Just pass the cigars and we'll talk for a bit,
I know you are anxious to know
We're going to leave France to-morrow at noon
And back to the U. S. we will go.

These months here in France I would not have missed
I'm proud to have fought for this cause;
I'm glad that I had a lick at the Hun,
The Hun who disregarded all laws.

But now that it's over and victory is ours
America sounds good to my ears;
So pack up your grip and get ready to start,
Don't stop to shed any tears.

In my mind I can see the old homestead,
As though I'd been gone but a day;
With father and mother and kid brother too,
To welcome me back there to stay.

Dad will be loud in his welcome to me,
And will call me his brave soldier son;
Perhaps he'll admit I'd do credit to him
Since I quit reckless ways and shouldered a gun.

I can see mother's face as she'll kiss me
And whisper, "Jimmie, my boy."
She won't say as much as the others, perhaps,
For hers is a quieter joy.

My kid brother will think I'm a hero
And wish he had a wound in his arm
And tell how Dad said he was aiding
By helping him work on the farm.

There's another who'll bid me a welcome
With blushes and smiles so rare.
She's the girl I left behind me,
And she can't be beat I declare.

Oh joy! I can imagine the welcome
From those who to me are so dear
But listen, old top; that isn't enough
There's something lacking I fear.

Their greetings and smiles are all very well,
But just store this in your knob.
It won't be an ideal home-coming
If I don't get back my old job.

I'm sure of the welcome at home, sir,
That's just as sure as the fates;
But when it comes to the office
Will they welcome me back to my mates?

Picture our boys with wide open arms,
Bidding us take our old place
That is the welcome I'm after, the day
I set out once more in the race.

He'll stand and call them each one by name,
"Come, Tom, and Pete, and Jack, and Bob.
Here's a good raise for each of you boys.
And here is your same old job."

M. C. T. '19.

C. T. H. S. ORCHESTRA



Back row; left to right—Mr. Littell, Mr. Kerr, Leon Clayton.

Front row; left to right—Theodore Littell, David Thompson, William Thompson, Loyal Brown, Jules Beaumariage, Edna Shephard, Mary Wallace, Francis Woods, Naomi Schnuth, Martha Thompson.

GIRLS' QUARTET



Left to right—Martha Thompson, Edna Shephard, Margaret Powell, Elizabeth McTague.

BOYS' QUARTET



Left to right—Thomas Smith, David Thompson, John Bolte, Theodore Littell.

SOCIALS

On January the sixteenth, the High School Orchestra gave a Pie Social in the High School Auditorium. The proceeds of the social went to the orchestra for the purpose of buying a Bass Violin.

A short and spicy program was given by the members of the High School.

After the pies were sold by Darlington Johnston of Millers Run, a social hour was spent in eating pies. The proceeds of the social was, \$76.00, which was given to the orchestra.

J. R. H. '20.

On March 21st, the Athletic Association of the C. T. H. S. gave a Pie Social in the High School Auditorium. A short program was given by the students of C. T. H. S. The pies were again sold by Darlington Johnston of Millers Run, selling from twenty-five cents up to four dollars and a half. On account of a bad evening and small attendance the proceeds were not very large. Fifty dollars was given to the Athletic Association, which will be used for the Track Team and Base Ball Team.

J. R. H. '20.

PARTIES

PHILO—WHITTIER PARTY

Every year the two literary societies hold a contest to decide who will come out victorious. This year the Philos won again, so the Whittiers being good sports, decided in a hurry scurry way to give the Philos a little party. We invited them to-day and tomorrow we had it. They all thought it was a bluff, because they thought we couldn't get anything up so quick. The evening was spent in playing games, after which a light lunch was served. They then went home, thinking what a fine time they had.

N. S. '20.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR PARTY

On February 21, 1919 the Junior and Senior girls decided to entertain the remainder of the High School. While we were planning for it at our first meeting, "Brownie" crawled to the attic and listened to what was said, but being good, did not tell anybody. Every one was getting sort of suspicious now. Hearing of Junior and Senior girls having meetings, but in the end it was a "What Party." Until the end they did not know what it was. Everyone was saying, "What is it?" They all came and they saw what it was—a jolly good time.

N. S. '20.

OUR BOARD

There is a jolly bunch of men,
The same is our School Board;
To any who know a better group,
We'll offer a reward.

We sent ambassadors to them;
A certain day last Fall,
That Board just voted unanimously
To buy us a Basket Ball.

And when we showed our enthusiasm
They knew one would not do,
So quickly took the hint and said,
"We'll get the girls one too."

The next trouble that confronted us
Was lack of a place to play,
And our Board took up that matter
And acted without delay.

They considered the matter wisely;
Then sent us to Emrick's;
And as we cleared that school house out
We voted those men, just "Bricks."

They gave us fifty dollars too,
To buy our base ball suits,
And as we play and beat all teams
The school stands back and routs.

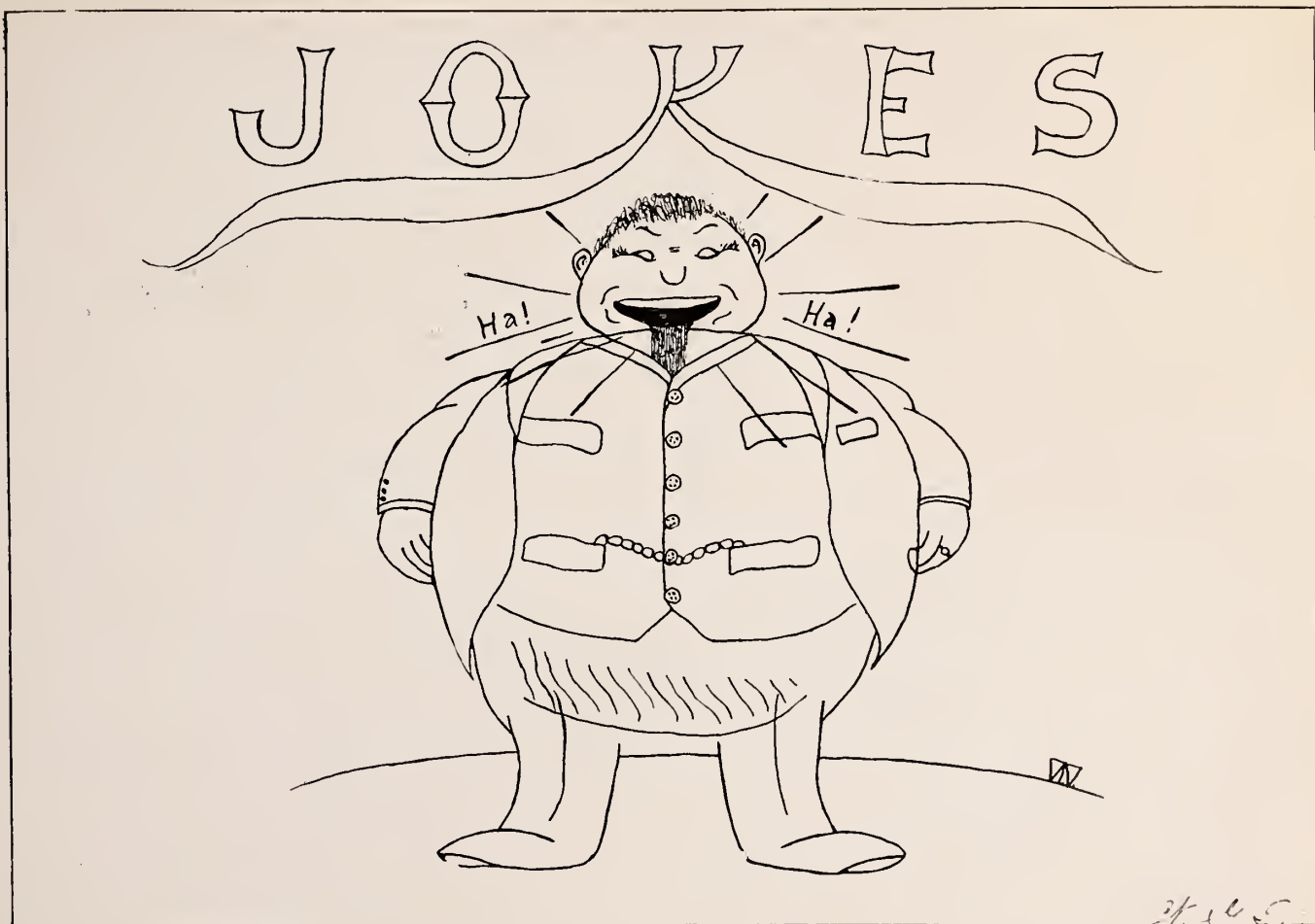
And one day later they said to us,
"If you do your very best
We'll back you straight in every thing,
And pay for the whole contest."

Now listen O, ye people, all
Hearken and give ear,
We've gladly used these gifts of yours
Throughout the whole school year.

The next term's work will soon begin,
To do the things we love
We'll need a "gym" all fitted up
With an auditorium above.

Please grant us this—our one request,
And then no school can vie.
With the literary and athletic records
Of Cecil Township High.

Contributor.



JOKES

If any one wishes to know what's in a Cow Pasture ask Miss McBurney.

Miss McBurney—"The apparatus is too expensive to break."

Joe—"Which one of those things in the laboratory is the apparatus?"

Dave—"Say Mark; is there anything you can do better than any one else?"

Mark—"Yes, I can read my own writing."

Miss Kendall—"Harry; what is dust?"

Harry—"Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

Miss Kelso—"Grace; what is the plural of man?"
Grace—"Men."

Miss Kelso—"Right; now what is the plural of child?"

Grace—"Twins."

Miss Kendall—"Theodore; tell us about some of Irving's writings."

Theodore—"Irving in writing about the Dutch Governor said: 'Wonter Van Twiller is five feet six inches high, and six feet five inches in diameter.' (meaning circumference.)"

Miss McBurney—"Leon; tell us something of Mohammed."

Leon—"Mohammed was an A—rab."

Freshman—Sophomore Parliamentary Drill.

"It was moved and seconded that every minister receive \$2,000 and \$500,"

David Thompson.

"It has been moved that when we expel Edna, we get a new Player Piano.

Leon Clayton.

"We appreciate the invitation of the Sophomore Class to be present at their Elementary Drill."

Harry McEwen.

J O K E S (Concluded)

Theodore (In French)—“We didn’t have the word for girl, did we?”

Miss Masquelier—“Daughter and girl mean the same thing.”

Bill—“I have a girl, but I do not have a daughter.”

Margaret in Algebra Class—“Let X equal 5; Y equal 1. Five will go into one.”

Miss Kelso—“Did you mean to say five will go into one?”

Margaret—“Yes, Madame.”

Miss Kelso—“How abstract; you know five will not go into one.”

Margaret—“Please Madame; I put five toes into one stocking this morning.”

If girls wuz as careful about who they run with as they are about fixin their hair; there’d be a whole lot of lonesome dubs.

L. A. B. '20.

MISS KELSO'S ORANGES

One Tuesday evening of a fine March day
The orchestra practiced for the Contest, gay;
But when we all were adjourned for the fete,
Thede felt hungry and wanted to eat.

'Twas Martha who opened the drawer in the desk
And found the oranges just so, as we guessed,
But Oh! how tempting it looked, tho't Thede,
And after a while he performed the bad deed.

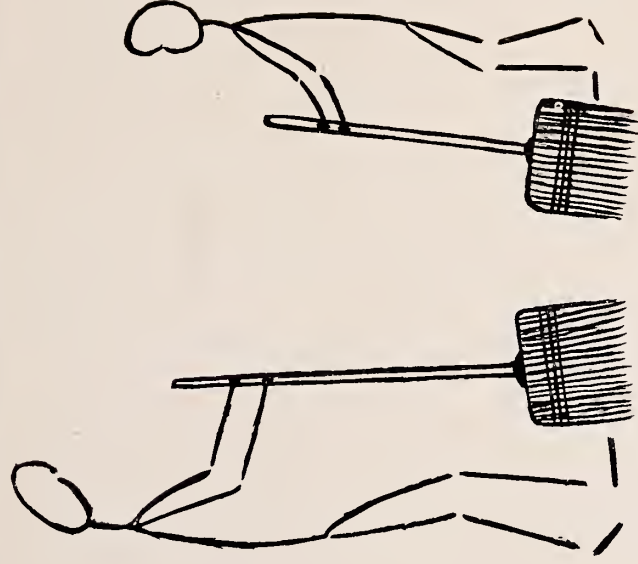
It was at that moment he asked every one
If they would take a bite, just for fun,
Then all agreed when the orange was eaten,
That Thede was the boy to do the treatin'.

But when we got to thinkin' about it,
Said Martha to Thede, “We shouldn't have done it.”
Just then he thought of when Chapel came,
She would make us confess or give him the blame.
E. I. S. '20.

HIGH SCHOOL BIOGRAPHY

Name	Nick Name	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Pastime	Favorite Expression	Ideal
Grace Allan	"Tute"	A Lion Tamer	Basket Ball	"Bill"	Brown
Loyal Brown	"Squetor"	Orator	Provoking Teachers	"Guache"	Naomi
Jules Beaumariage	"Juliano"	Pianist	Playing Jokes	"Osmosis"	Music
Sylvan Beaumariage	"Fatty"	Fisherman	Leasing	"Shep"	Togy
John Bolte	"Hans"	Engineer	Debating	"I will"	Literary Digest
Joseph Chupinsky	"Noisy"	Talker	Talking	"Why?"	Clean Face
Stella Checca	"Chicken"	Poetess	Reading	"Ch! Boys"	Bugs
Leon Clayton	"Pap"	Actor	Playing Trombone	"Me Too"	Mary Wallace
Alphonsine DeBlander	"Phonse"	A double tongued mute	Acting	"Good Night"	A Living Skeleton
Lamar Delaney	"Doc"	Doctor	Dancing	"Perfinated"	Ladies
Samuel Hisson	"Sam"	Lawyer	Reciting	"X Y Z Affair"	Study
Ray Hull	"Jamie"	Ford Manufacturer	Blowing	"I Did——"	Nickie Grabber
Mark Kelso	"Kelly"	A farmer	Looking On	"Oh! Gee"	A Ford
Theodore Littell	"Dode"	Preacher	Playing Jokes	"Cut it Out"	Martha
Elizabeth McTague	"Tagy"	Nurse	Eating fudge	"For Goodness Sake"	Sylvan
Harry McEwen	"Cal"	Ladies Man	Escorting Mary	"Honey"	Miss Walker
Alberta Powers	"Bert"	Farmerette	Playing Ball	"Oh! Baby"	Basket Ball
Idella Patterson	"Bill"	Chauferess	Auto Riding	"Nothing Doing"	Mrs.——
Margaret Powell	"Peg"	House Wife	Writing English	"Hello! My Friend"	Smithy
Catherine Richert	"Kate"	Clerk	Walking	"He makes me Sick"	Gillespie
Ethel Scott	"Specks"	Actress	Singing	"Oh! Dear"	Musician
Velma Scott	"Scotty"	Bookkeeper	Working	"That Kelly"	Mark
Edna Shephard	"Shep"	Orchestra Leader	Being Laughed At	"Under the Sun"	David
Hazel Shephard	"Little Shep"	Teacher	Transalating Latin	"What is It"	Upper Class Men
Naomi Schmuth	"Nomi"	Horse Jockey	Relating	"I don't know"	Djer Kiss
Thomas Smith	"Smitty"	Basket Ball Star	Arguing	"Huh"	Peggie
William Thompson	"Bill"	Cartoonist	Corneting	"Aw Gwan"	Bottle of Milk
David Thompson	"Dave"	Running Tractor	Teasing	"Dum Foo"	Specks
Mertha Thompson	"Mattie"	Singing	Bossing	"Honestly"	Preacher's Wife
Mary Walker	"Maude"	Baseball Star	Athletics	"I Can't"	Large Boys
Mary Wallace	M. J. W. W.	Authoress	Writing Poetry	"Now You Quit"	Harry

"True chivalry is not above shouldering a broom in Miss Kelso's room."



SWEEPING MISS KELSO'S ROOM.

One day at noon there were two lads
Who thought they'd play like little tads;
They got excelsior to help them out
And threw it in the window, but they
didn't pout.

The fun didn't stop until one P. M.
And the rest of the boys went in with them;
They never thought Miss Kendall would say
A word about excelsior that day.

But at one-fifteen, when chapel was ended
The boys looked a little bit offended;
Miss Kendall asked them to get a broom,
And then Bill and Thede had to sweep
the room.

They swept, and swept, and looked so sad
As they swept the same spot, 'till they
need a pad,
For their hands that were blistered felt
rather sick,
But right to their job they just had to stick.

So finally with Miss Kendall's aid
They got the dust pan and her words they
obeyed;

While finishing up WE had the laugh
About doing their sweeping just about half.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief.

Edna Shephard—'20.

Associate Editor.

Alberta Powers—'20.

Business Manager.

Samuel Hissom—'20.

Subscription Manager.

Naomi Schnuth—'20.

Athletic Editor.

Thomas Smith—'20.

Cartoonist.

William Thompson—'20.

National Department.

Stella Checca—'20.

Literary.

Idella Patterson—'20.

Joker.

Loyal Brown—'20.

Social.

Ray Hull—'20.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1905.

William Wendell, Cleveland, Ohio.
Walter Lee Cowden, Hickory, Pa.
Anna Mary Mawhinney.
Lillie McGill Wallace (Laing) Carnegie, Pa.
Harry Eldred Woods Huntington, Va.
Howard Leo Woods, Dormont, Pa.

CLASS OF 1906.

Lawrence W. Fife, Verona, Pa.
Anna McClury Herron, Fredonia, Pa.
Elizabeth McArdle.
Martha Blanche McConnell.
Charles A. Moran, Cecil, Pa.
Martha Maud Reed (Carlisle) Hickory, Pa.
Elizabeth Young.
Hannah Young.

CLASS OF 1907.

Isabelle Clark (Scofield) Jefferson, Ohio.
Joseph Ard Cowden, Hickory, Pa.
Clara Wallace, Carnegie, Pa.

CLASS OF 1908.

Margaret Clark, McDonald, Pa.
Ruth Hastings, Hills Station, Pa.
Beulah P. McConnell (Mawhinney) Cecil, Pa.
Mary E. Peacock, Bridgeville, Pa. R. D. 3.
Kitty Wilson (Dead)

CLASS OF 1909.

Dwight Hill Connor, McDonald Pa. R. D. 4.
Catherine Fehl (Stuart) Bishop, Pa.
James Elmer Fife, Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.
Elizabeth McConnell (Weaver) McDonald, Pa.
Ethel Reed, Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.

CLASS OF 1910.

Roger Boak (Died March 21, 1919.)
Charles Hall, Carnegie, Pa.
Martha Fife (McClelland) Canonsburg, Pa.
Anna McConnell, Houston Pa.
Homer Malone, Washington, Pa.
Elva Wallace, Carnegie, Pa.
R. Dell Weaver, Canonsburg, Pa.
Elva White (Proudfoot) Burgettstown Pa.

CLASS OF 1911.

No Class.

CLASS OF 1912.

Earl Boak, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Edith Boak (Harper), McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Mabel Hastings, Cecil, Pa.
Frank McConnell Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.
Quintin McClay, Cecil, Pa.
Elizabeth Purdy (Malone) Washington, Pa.
Philip Scott, McDonald, Pa., Johns Avenue.

CLASS OF 1913.

Sarah Barron, Pitco, Pa.
George Beaumariage, Houston, Pa.
Clyde Boak, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Pauline Delestine (Gossit) Cecil, Pa.
Gertrude Hull (Scott) Southview, Pa.
Paul Patterson, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Alfred Scott Southview, Pa.
Hattie Simpson (married)
Charles Smith, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.

CLASS OF 1914.

Andrew Allan, Cecil, Pa.
Walter Boyer, McDonald, aP.
Walter Cain McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
James Hall, Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.

CLASS OF 1915.

Mae Campbell, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Arthur Franz, Crafton, Pa., Warren street.
Jeanetta Hall, Carnegie, Pa.
Grace Henry, McDonald, Pa.
Wallace Kelso, McDonald, R. D. 3.
Elmer Lutz, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Ellen McConnell, Oakdale, Pa.
Bertha Weaver, Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.
Florence White Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.

CLASS OF 1916.

Willard Conner, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 4.
Nancy Fife, Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.
Pearl Franz, Crafton, Pa., 27 Warren street.
Phil Grav, Burgettstown, Pa.
Wilmer Herron, Fredonia, Pa.
Hazel Hull McDonald, Pa. R. D. 4.
Earl McClure, Venemon Station, Pa.
Hazel Peacock, McDonald, Pa.
Laura Simpson, Hills Station, Pa.
Lorena Thompson, Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.

CLASS OF 1917.

Walter D. Barnes, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 4.
Mary Howell, Canonsburg, Pa. R. D. 3.
Elizabeth Kiemes, Bishop, Pa.
Mary McElhane, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Esther Patterson McDonald Pa. R. D. 3.
Jean Montooth, Cecil, Pa.
Mary Powell, Cecil, Pa.
Mary Richards Pitco, Pa.
Archibald Scott, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 4.
Anna Smith, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.

CLASS OF 1918.

Mary McElhane, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Esther Patterson, McDonald, Pa. R. D. 3.
Mary Richards, Pitco, Pa.
Archibald Scott McDonald, Pa. R. D. 4.
I. E. P. '20.

D I A R Y

September 9th—Ten Freshmen. Plenty of pasture for all.
 Sept. 10th—More Freshmen.
 Sept. 11th—In physical geography. Alphonsine—"What becomes of a falling star?" Teacher—"It falls into space." Joe—"Why can't we see it then if it falls into space?" Teacher—"It falls so fast that we are unable to follow its flight; and it hits the earth's surface, but with such a force that it keeps going down and therefore leaves a big hole in the earth." Joe—"What becomes of the hole?"
 Sept. 12th—Music day. "How do you do, Mr. Kerr."
 Sept. 13th—Theo—Ethel, his neighbor; somewhat distracted from her lessons.
 Sept. 16th—His neighbor removed.
 Sept. 17th—Ray starts early to avoid the rush (writing notes.)
 Sept. 18th—Daily call for Algebra's.
 Sept. 19th—Basket Ball game, Juniors versus High School. Juniors victorious.
 Sept. 20th—Cicero class decreases.
 Sept. 23d—French teacher. Miss Masquelier arrives. Horray!
 Sept. 24th—In Botany. When the sun gows (goes) down, the air is cooled, etc. When the raise (rays) of the sun strike the earth, etc.
 Sept. 25th—Kelso added a word to vocabulary—Illustration: "At five o'clock the girl was dispersin' corn for geese."
 Sept. 26th—Every Freshman had to be prompted in Litcrary.
 Sept. 27th—Delaney returns to school after a week's vacation.
 Sept. 30th—It surely will storm to-day. Bill Thompson is on time.
 October 1st—Basket Ball game. Bill ran to it. Dave wore out a pair of shoes.
 Oct. 2d—Smith got on teacher's nerves.
 Oct. 3d—Ray sat still to-day three minutes. Do you believe it?
 Oct. 4th—Janitor somewhat detained in Junior High (correcting papers.)
 Oct. 7th—Some good example set by "The Senior" when Taggue was teaching. Brownie and William hunted for, everywhere??
 Oct. 8th—Tom makes a paddle decorated with Junior class colors for Miss McBurney.
 Oct. 9th—Boys got their new foot ball.
 Oct. 10th—Four-minute speeches delivered—four diplomas granted.
 Oct. 11th—Clayton appears in new basket ball suit from head to foot.

Oct. 14th—Girls practice basket ball for the first time.
 Oct. 15th—Mary and Lamar see quite a bit of each other daily.
 Oct. 16th—A new "fliver," or rather a bus line stops at Wallace's.
 Oct. 17th—We begin to tremble at the encroachments of the "flu." Ye editors first feel it.
 Oct. 18th—Miss Reed visited school; gave a talk. We would have preferred a solo.

Ten Weeks Vacation.

December 30th—Once again we assemble at C. T. H. S.
 Dec. 31st—In physics class. Teacher—"You may write the following notes to put in your physics note books." Brown—"Miss Kendall doesn't allow us to write notes in school."

1919—New Year.

January 1st—Rainy, rainer, rainest. Happy New Year.
 Jan 2d—Theodore describing Van Twiller. "He was a Dutch Governor; five feet, six inches in height and six feet, five inches in diameter (circumference.) Some man!"
 Jan. 3d—Throwing basket ball in hall. The magnificent glass in the door of Miss Kendall's room was broken. Who broke it? No one knows but Theodore.
 Jan. 6th—Theodore dislikes bread after one o'clock. Probably he wasn't hungry at that hour.
 Jan. 7th—I wonder how the light was broken in Miss Kelso's room. Some of the faculty didn't seem to know very much about it. Ask Theodore. Be careful, Thede, people are wiser than they appear and you might get in wrong.
 Jan. 8th—Several kisses seen to-day??? (candy kisses.)
 Jan. 9th—Grand concert at noon. Orchestra practice, and Martha forgot her beau (bow.) Alphonsine suggested using Theodore as he would be the right length.
 Jan. 10th—Brownie finds a bottle of milk with a nipple attached, in his desk. Who's taking revenge now?
 Jan. 13th—In French class. Catherine—"What is the word for kiss?" Teacher—"Embrosser, masculine gender." Dave—"Well, it isn't always masculine, is it? Sometimes it's femininc." Clayton—"Give me the genuine."
 Jan. 14th—"Lamar; can you jig?" Lamar—"I can't dance the fancy dances."
 Jan. 15th—Miss McBurney to Sam. "Always believe all you see but only one-half of what you hear."
 Jan. 16th—Pie social for benefit of orchestra.
 Jan. 17th—Basket Ball game. C. T. H. S. versus McDonald High. Score 25 to 16 in favor of McDonald.

D I A R Y (Continued)

Jan. 20th—In Botany. Clayton—"Where's Ethel?" Teacher—"She went to town." (Hereafter Ethel must ask permission from Clayton as well as the teachers.)

Jan. 21st—Ethel and Thede go to Pittsburgh. Optician—"Mr. Littell, you must not use your eyes so much at night."

Jan. 22d—Miss Kendall in Civics described all about the Moonshine whiskey, except the taste. Theo—"What's it taste like?" Miss Kendall (embarrassed)—"I don't know I never tasted it."

Jan. 21st—Boys play leap frog in the hall. Fatal to David.

Jan. 24th—Cal., in English—"Columbus set the egg down so hard it mashed the shell but didn't hurt the memorandum of the egg." Ethel sports "Specks."

Jan. 27th—Six students absent on account of "Flu."

Jan. 28th—The morning after the night before when Theodore pokes to school. Civics Exam.

Jan. 29th—Eight absent. Caught in big snow storm.

Jan. 30th—Sophomore boys come down from French class with mustaches. Quick growth.

Jan. 31st—Je vous amie, de tout mon coeur.

Feb. 3rd—The Misses Martha and Esther Kendall have had three boarding places in one week. Surely this is caused by "Flu."

Feb. 4th—Got the habit?—Martha broke her glasses.

Feb. 5th—Sophomore's float penant. Mr. Fee visited the High School and gave a very interesting talk which was appreciated by every one.

Feb. 6th—Bill. Ho Thede! Did you read the "Scarlet Letters?"

Feb. 7th—Miss Kendall—"David; how near are you through with that book?" David—"I am half-full (half-through) with it."

Feb. 10th—Have you got my Valentine yet?

Feb. 11th—Thede to Hazel—"Where's Edna, what's wrong, why ain't she at school? Has she got the "Flu" again?"

Feb. 12th—Too much commotion in the hall!

Feb. 13th—Everyone is like S I H J. to-day.

Feb. 14th—Valentine's Birthday—Celebration.

Feb. 17th—Miss Kelso in Algebra—"Loyal; do you understand the problems?" Brownie—"Yes, Miss Kelso, I get you."

Feb. 18th—Meeting of Junior and Senior girls in Laboratory and Brownie keeps himself hid in a side room.

Feb. 19th—Miss Kelso—"Loyal, did you get the problems for to-day?"

Feb. 20th—Theo. to Hazel—"Is Edna coming to-morrow night." Hazel—"Why, really, I don't know." Theo—"Well listen now, isn't she coming?" Hazel—"I don't know, you'll see when to-

morrow night comes." Theo—"Well you can tell her if she don't come I won't have a good time."

Feb. 21st—Junior and Senior girls banqueted High School.

Feb. 24th—Martha chewed gum in school for the first time.

Feb. 25th—Doc makes a business trip to McDonald; is delayed; but explained it all nicely to the faculty on his return.

Feb. 26th—Juniors worked on Cetojuan a little.

Feb. 27th—Martha liked the gum and tried it again.

Feb. 28th—Well, how about Algebra to-day? "Nothing doing."

Mar. 3rd—Th's day is like_____

Mar. 4th—Mary Wallace mistakes a Ford for Doc's "fliver" and waves but is fooled.

Mar. 5th—Everybody had their Algebra! Believe me?

Mar. 6th—Orchestra. Dave—"Ho Thede! Do you think she is favorable?"

Mar. 7th—"You're perfinated"—Doc's favorite expression.

Mar. 10th—Blue Monday. Nothing unusual however.

Mar. 11th—Wonder if she's still peeved.

Mar. 12th—Middle of week. "Guess we're all working but what ain't."

Mar. 13th—Music Day—Miss McBurney is leader.

Mar. 14th—Miss Kendall brings a basin of water to Botany class to wash some of the Soph's hands.

Mar. 17th—The Junior High entertain in honor of St. Patrick.

Mar. 18th—The plaster, it fell!

Mar. 19th—Alas! It fell again.

Mar. 20th—Everyone seems busy with the Contest.

Mar. 21st—"Things are not always what they seem."

Mar. 24th—Another Blue Monday. Why??

Mar. 25th—Orchestra Practise. What did Thede do???

Mar. 26th—Miss Kelso missed ONE Orange.

Mar. 27th—It didn't rain to-day but Mr. Kerr didn't come.

Mar. 28th—Philo and Whittier Preliminaries.

Mar. 31st—Alas! They are gone!!

Apr. 1st—April Fool.

Apr. 2d—Everyone is down and out. Too much work.

Apr. 3rd—Never More!

Apr. 4th—"Oui, Oui. la, la."

Apr. 7th—"Have you had any candy since the last?"

Apr. 8th—Whittier's entertained the Philo's—the Winners.

Apr. 9th—'Twas the morning after the night before. EVERY-ONE on time.

Apr. 10th—The boys got their baseball suits.

D I A R Y (C o n t i n u e d)

Apr. 11th—Theodore and William find notes in desks. They both look real peeved.

Apr. 14th—What made Loyal and Edna fall from the bicycle when they are "star" riders.

Apr. 15th—"Adam and Eve and the apple, Thompsons, Kelly and the orange."

Apr. 16th—Miss McBurney detained at home and not withstanding the rain she strolled by the Glenn.

Apr. 17th—Cetojuan Campaign under way.

Apr. 18th—Miss McBurney still at home by the Glenn.

Apr. 21st—Miss Kendall in History—"Boys! Boys! Boys!"

Apr. 22d—What persuaded Miss Kelso to be present during French class to-day.

Apr. 23rd—Wonder if Miss Kelso noticed the upward, downward, backward and forward movement of the Junior girls' jaws in Algeberry class.

Apr. 24th—Sam—late for class—detained in hall by Ethel.

Apr. 25th—We all assembled in Miss Kendall's class room. Boys start to clap and Miss Kendall takes the floor. Started to speak but clapping did not cease. School dismissed until Monday. Wonder why?

Apr. 28th—"We all went over to the frigid zone,
With Miss Kendall bright and gay;
She wouldn't leave us go alone
As we again might begin to play.

Apr. 29th—In history—"You may tell of the battle of Ch-Chi-Chick-Chickamauga. Theodore." Stella—telling of the assassination of Lincoln—He was in a box, in a box—but she did not finish.

Apr. 30th—Ethel's got a KETCH in her back.

May 1st—Rained again. What made the Brown Shep Powers laugh so in history? I don't know look in the "Digest."

May 2d—Ray Hull was REAL QUIET in French period to-day. Can you believe it?

May 5th—What made Stella leave the room during the second period? Was it because she liked fishing worms?

May 6th—Pictures taken—ball game—Marsh-mellow toast.

May 7th—Rest in sight.

May 8th—Cetojuan goes to press.

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